I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I ſhaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you diſpoſd, you quake like reabels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?
Qu. Ma. But repitition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſure you vſurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,
Dorſ. No man but propheſied reuenge for it.
Buc Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to each each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſomuch with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes loſt my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curſes:
Not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my ſonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my ſon, which was a Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violences,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* Queene,
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo was thou Lord *Haſtings*, when my ſoone
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt heare me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors whilſt thou liueſt,
And take deepe traytors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou flaunder of thy mothers heauy womb,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.
Glo. Margret.
Qu. Ma. Richard. *Glo. Ha.*
Qu. Ma. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought